THE

# CONTRAST;

OR,

## New Mode of Management.

BEING

A PEEP behind the CURTAIN of the SALISBURY THEATRE, in 1776:

WHEREIN

The REQUISITES to form a Brace of MANAGERS—their *Plain Dealing*, *Artleſs Innocence*, and *Public Gratitude*—

Are all nicely weigh'd, duly conſider'd, and juſtly diſplay'd.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

(By way of SUPPLEMENT)

A few SPONTANEOUS FRAGMENTS,

Pick'd up at the Foot of PARNASSUS.

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By J. BROWNSMITH,

Late *Nominal* PROMPTER to the ſaid THEATRE.

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*Si ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris.*

INGRATITUDE thinks itſelf in no man's debt.

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SALISBURY:

Printed by J. HODSON, near the *Poultry-Croſs*.

MDCCLXXVI.

# ERRATA.

Page 1. for *Pjuedo*, read *Pleudo*.

Page 24. for *Satura*, read *Satura*.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# CONTRAST;

OR,

## NEW MODE of MANAGEMENT.

THE intent of the following pages is not to descant on the merits of the *Performers*, but merely to open the eyes of the public, and elucidate a number of circumstances relative to the *Management* of a *Theatre* under a peculiar direction, which, tho' it may at first appear of no concern to an audience, (being kept behind the Curtain) will, on maturer consideration, be found highly necessary to be known; and, to enter regularly into the task, it will be proper first to give the definition of a Manager.

MANAGERS are of *two* kinds;---the *real* substantial one, and the *Pseudo*, or *Fungus*. But as their *pursuits* are different, so are their *marks*.---- The *real* one may be known by his *property* and *probity*; he scorns all subterfuge, and base insidious arts, and pursues the *honest* open turnpike-road to wealth, nor fears to be met in his career.

The *Pſúédo*, or *Fungus*, is remarkable for his *poverty* and *pride*, and may be traced by his twinings and twiſtings, his doublings and turnings, and is at *beſt* no other than a *fortunate* actor, who, from *ſucceſs* in *Benefits*, and the aid of *uſury*, acquires a power to tyrannize over a leſs fortunate ſet of people, called *Sharers*. He may be compared to one who vaults the *tight-rope*, his power the *balance pole*, a judicious uſe of which will ſecure him a *ſafe footing*,---but if once he fancies himſelf too great a maſter, and vaults *too high*, the pole flies from him, and he is ſure to get a *fall*.

This ſeems to be ſo nearly allied to our preſent caſe, that I inſert it as a prognoſtic of what will happen *in futurum* to *all Managers* who uſe this practice.

Were I to cull a brace of theſe *Mock Monarchs*, with an intent to *get* money, without regard to the *means* whereby it might be got, I would fix on ſuch as ſhould anſwer the following deſcription:

The *one* ſhould be of low ſtature; five feet five ſhould be at moſt the ſtandard of altitude; if he fell *ſhort* of that, I would raiſe him to it by the *heels*, and dub him *Head* of the Company; that is to ſay, make him the *Hero* and *Puff-maſter general*---for that audience muſt be inſenſible, and loſt to *novelty*, that would not flock to the Theatre, on reading a *pompous* Bill to the following effect:----*viz.* "The part of Alexander the *Great* to be performed by Mr. Such-a-one the *little*.

This circumſtance is ſo truly whimſical, that it leads me into a digreſſion of a ſimilar kind, which

which occurred ſome time ago, at the *Theatre-Royal*, in the *Haymarket*.

Mr. Foote (at the interceſſion of ſome friends) introduced a young lady, a native of *America*, whoſe complexion was a right *jet*, to try her vocal abilities on the Stage, and prefaced her appearance with an ingenious dialogue, relative to the abſurdity; wherein a ſuppoſed author demands of him what uſe he can make of a perſon of her complexion? to which he humouroufly replies, "The *beſt* uſe---fill my houſe by the novelty;---for I intend ſhortly to inſtruct her in the part of *Caliſta*, and have her ſtuck up at every corner in glaring Letters---"The part of *Caliſta*, the *Fair* Penitent, by a *Blackamoor Lady*.

The author laughs at the conceit, but informs him it will never be received a ſecond time; to which he anſwers, "You are miſtaken, Sir; there are more *Blacks* than *her* upon the Stage, and a good *Actreſs*, like a good *Horſe*, can't be of a bad colour.

But to reſume my ſubject. Having thus provided my *Hero* with reſpect to figure, it next remains to examine whether he is furniſhed with proper *intellectual* qualifications to anſwer my purpoſe; for I would have him *haughty*, vehement, and ſelf-intereſted; for as his conduct ſhould be ſuch as muſt hourly expoſe him to the *cenſure* of his people, ſo will the infignificance of his figure ſecure him from their *chaſtiſement*.

Now for the *Contraſt*.

His Colleague I ſhould chuſe of the following ſtamp.---His altitude ſhould exceed the former about three inches: he ſhould have a ſtern, ſupercilious aſpect, penurious to a degree, boiſter-

ous and dictatorial in *trivial* affairs, but ſullen and reſerved in matters of *greater* moment.---- Hence 'twill appear, that whilſt the one is vehemently embroiled in oppreſſive diſputes for their mutual emolument, the other will be always ready with a mediatorial *ſalvo*; and hence alſo it is obvious, that a perſon, with the aid of a ſullen deportment, intrepid aſſurance, and no more breeding than a Coal-porter, may be the *deputed* Manager of a Company of Comedians.

The following *Recipe* was given me by a friend, which being of a peculiar nature, may not be diſagreeable to the reader; eſpecially as it ſeems coincident with the foregoing deſcription.

*A* Receipt *to make a Brace of* MANAGERS.

" Take on one part, pride, impertinence, ab-
" ſence of mind, and ſelf-intereſt; of each equal
" parts, and ram them all into a ſmall *Mor-tal.*

" On the other part take of ſullen diſpoſition,
" ignorance, meanneſs of ſpirit, and ingratitude,
" a large quantity; ſtuff them into a *thin* Car-
" caſe--borrow what you can upon them, and
" lay them by on the ſhelf of a *Pawn-broker*, till
" the *intereſt* by far exceeds the *principal*; then
" take 'em down, *Fry* them altogether with a fag-
" got bought of a Gingerbread-baker, and
" they will ſoon be fit for uſe."

As there are two departments in this petty State, 'twere neceſſary at firſt ſetting forth, that each ſhould have aſſigned him his different office; therefore, my *little* Hero ſhould have the ſole management (of the manageable part) of the

*Actors*,

*Actors*, Bills, and News-papers; and that he might be properly qualified for ſo important a charge, he ſhould be conſtantly ſupplied with the *Dramatic Cenſor*, the *Critical Review*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and other periodical compoſitions, which will at all times, and on all occaſions, furniſh him with materials for *puffing*,---that ſuppoſititious grand prop of a Country Theatre.

His ſullen Co-mate ſhould have the direction of that vaſt treaſure---the *Wardrobe*; together with the charge of the Library, and preſervation of *Candle-ends*,---which, in the hands of a perſon correſponding with the afore-mentioned deſcription, cannot fail, in the courſe of a ſeaſon, of being a very lucrative employment: Tho' *this* office in moſt Theatres properly belongs to the Stage-keeper; but as a man who wiſhes to get money, ſhould never loſe ſight of that golden aphoriſm, "*Think nothing mean that brings in a penny*," I would recommend the engaging a perſon, who ſhould occaſionally ſupply the places of *Taylor*, *Actor*, and *Stage-keeper*, and *all* for the ſame ſalary that other Theatres allow a *Stage-keeper* only.

As it is morally impoſſible for this perſon to execute (with any degree of propriety) theſe *three* different offices, a man might, under the pretext of alleviation, deprive him of every *real* advantage appertaining to each, and by that means not only ſave the hire of *two* people, but pocket the *profits* ariſing from each reſpectively.

*Real*,

## *Real, honeſt Advantages annexed to this* New Mode *of Management.*

If an Actor, when he firſt quits his inglorious ſtate of turpitude, for this more elevated and eligible ſituation, wants materials to carry on the ſcheme---I mean *Caſh*---he may with ſafety have recourſe to *Uſury*; and as *one* good turn deſerves another, and every labourer is worthy of his hire, the Company (when on ſhares) might be loaded with an *additional one*, excluſive of legal intereſt, which might be ſet apart as a gratuity for the ſum *lent*, and continued without intermiſſion till the *principal* be diſcharged; indeed, to thrive with rapidity, every kind of chicanery ſhould be practiſed, and the fundamental rules of *all other* Theatres ſubverted.

A very few years ago, *three* dead ſhares were held ſufficient for the uſe of Cloaths and Scenes; but upon a very capital augmentation in one of the firſt Companies in the kingdom, a *fourth* crept in, but no Company in the *three* Kingdoms (ſave one) has had the conſcience---not to ſay *audacity*---to demand a *fifth*.

When any additional tax is laid upon the Company, it is (and with ſtrict propriety too) called a *Saddle*;---true; it is a Saddle to ride the Sharers with: If ſo, a *fifth* Share may properly be called a *Pack-ſaddle*.

In ſhort, managerial advantages upon *this* plan are innumerable; but as the ſcheme is incompatible with long duration, no opportunity ſhould be loſt, and it behoves us to be indefatigable in the purſuit.

*Theſe*

*Theſe* Managers (from cuſtom) are not oblig'd to provide aught but *modern ſuits*, and common *Flats*; therefore every *outré* dreſs, and occaſional *ornamental* ſcene, together with all books of *plays*, *farces*, &c. may be charged to the general ſtock, and (conſequently in the end) become *their* property.-----This may properly be termed the *Snow-Ball* of a Theatre, which, the longer it is rolled, becomes the more bulky.

From what has been ſaid on this ſubject, it is evident, that the oftener they *vary* the Performers, the greater will be their advantage; for I have known a hardy *Veteran* (regularly trained in the ſervice) who has had the effrontery to demand his dividend, of what he had *really paid for*; and it requires more art than belongs to a *moderate* calculator, to aſcertain the ſtandard of *Theatrical Intereſt*.

In towns where there is little reaſon to expect *ſucceſs*, it is adviſeable to put the Company on *ſhares*; in which calculation (according to this *new mode* of Management) the proportion will be on the ſide of the Managers, as *Nine* is to *One*---which, at the very *worſt* of times, will enable theſe fortunate adventurers to keep their heads above water, and look with *diſdain* on the poor hapleſs ſlaves, who have oft-times *tenfold* their *merit*, and are ſubſiding under the load of *tyranny* and *uſurpation*.

In places where experience has confirmed ſucceſs, 'twere prudent to allow *weekly ſalaries*, but not a penny more than *one third part* of what might have been ſhared upon a fair and honeſt dividend.

This

This *mode of Management* ſeems, as it were, to *enſlave* the Company; and they are no other than the ſervants of *Tyranny*; are held at a much greater diſtance, and ſubſervient to every *beck* and *command* of their *mock maſters:* for as in the *former* caſe they have an equal right to a chance at *Benefits*, with the moſt refractory oppreſſor, and *opiniative*, *favourite* NOODLE,--ſo in the *latter* they are under a deſpotic direction, and liable to be allotted the moſt *diſadvantageous* nights, and *worſt* of plays; for if the common nightly charges be obtained, it is a matter of indifference to *them* whether the adventurer be a *loſer* or *gainer* by the attempt; for it has long been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that

"*To keep men* humble, *is to keep them* poor."

But to fall into a more ſerious argument.

I know not whether the enterprize is more *daring* than the circumſtance *ridiculous*, that a man ſhould, without a ſhilling property, take a noble houſe, hire a ſet of ſervants, who, when they aſk for their wages, are told, "I have no caſh; you muſt wait another turn of the *wheel.*" Is it from a ſupereminence in *merit*, or ſuperabundance in *effrontery* that theſe matters are brought to paſs? for *Juſtice* diſclaims the deed.----The man who preſides at the head of a *regular* Company of Comedians, ſhould be poſſeſſed of an independent fortune, and have ſpirit enough (not to ſay honeſty) to extricate his people even in the *worſt* of times; this would not only ſecure him *public* eſteem, but a *ſure* FOOT-ing in whatever ſphere he moves: Whereas the *Manager*, who depends ſolely on the *fortune of the night*, is no other

other than an *adventurous depredator* on the rights of the people, who are equally entitled to public benevolence.---I might ſay *Charity*, if we recur to a *Benefit-Bill* publiſhed on Monday the 5th ult. wherein may be found theſe words :---- " Whoſe family *implores* the favour and intereſt " of their friends, and the public in general."--- Yet amidſt theſe ſpecious, plaintive ſupplications to the public, *tyrannic inſolence* may be concealed. But what will not *thoſe* men do, who mean to ride *poſt* to the goal of *profit?*

Here it may not be amiſs to inſert a few lines written ſome time ago on this ſubject at *Bath*, which comes in pat to the purpoſe :

" Full of himſelf, PUFF late the Town defy'd,
" Too proud, too great, too wiſe to need a guide ;
" But, ſtrange reverſe ! for now he condeſcends
" *Poorly* to aſk the favour of his friends.
" Such alteration is moſt ſtrange to hear,
" But marvel not—his *Benefit* is near."

In ſhort, *ſome* Country Managers ſeem to be amphibious creatures, and the Stage an element peculiar to *themſelves*; for I have often obſerved, that when the *theatrical* atmoſphere has been *condenſed* by the breath of a *numerous* audience, there appeared an unuſual ſprightlineſs about them ; but, *rarified* by the appearance of a *few*, they were heavy, dull, and phlegmatic. This, tho' it may ſeem a paradox, is true, and may probably be directed by *ſelf-intereſt*.

There are ſome men in a *Theatre*, who have a knack of *forcing* a conſequence upon both the Managers and audience ; theſe will never fail to attend at the hour of *Ten*, preach up *regularity*,

make a wonderful buſtle about the negligence of others, and drop hints of irregular hours, ſloth, and inattention to buſineſs: whenever I meet with ſuch a one, I aſſure myſelf, he has either *been* a Manager, or *wiſhes* to be one; and a perſeverance in this never fails to gain him the epithet of a *deviliſh clever* fellow. This man is the bugbear of a *Theatre*, the parent of *diſcord*, the nurſe of *faction*, curſe of *underlings*, and ſcorn of *all*; and indeed the *reverſe* of that animal called a PROSOPOPOEIA, or *Toad-Eater*, which I have already (but imperfectly) deſcribed in a pamphlet, entitled, *The Dangers of a Lee Shore*; (publiſhed at Bath ſome years ſince) but as that publication may probably have never reached this city, its deſcription is at leaſt neceſſary here.

## A TOAD-EATER

Is an animal found no where but *in* or *about* a *Theatre*; it participates of the nature of a *Salamander*, and is never ſo happy as when the houſe is on fire about its ears; it is a thing of no intrinſic worth; the Managers uſe it as a *tool* to work with, and it may be known by its *ſervility*, and promptitude to *fetch* and *carry*; it is indeed a kind of eves-dropper; it is headed like a baboon, its ears are prodigiouſly *expanded*, its tongue *long* and *venomous*; its coat is of various colours; for, cameleon-like, it takes a different dye, according to the frowns or ſmiles of its maſter.

*Blackſtone*

*Blackſtone* has finely depicted the *envy* of a Toad in the following Lines; what then muſt be the condition of an animal that ſwallows that vermin? He ſays---

So when a Toad, ſquat on a border, ſpies
The gard'ner paſſing by, his blood-ſhot eyes
With ſpite and rage inflam'd, dart fire around
The verdant walks; and on the flow'ry ground
The bloated vermin loathſome poiſon ſpits,
And ſwoln and burſting with his malice, ſits.

But to leave "*Toad-Eater*," and purſue a ſample of *plain-dealing*.----At any time when it is thought neceſſary to put the Company on *Salaries*, Oppreſſion always gathers *force* from *ſucceſs*. For inſtance, ſuppoſe at *Southampton*, or any *other* town, where avarice and impoſition have been crowned by *good fortune*, a regular bill of charges be delivered in at the commencement of Benefits, in the courſe of which theſe charges are leſſened (by a diminution of the Company) at leaſt four pounds per week. Is it *juſt* or *honeſt* to continue them in full force, and that at a time too when the ſeaſon is ſo far advanced as to render it ſcarce practicable to acquire them? I flatter myſelf that *candour* and *impartiality* will think otherwiſe. To corroborate this opinion, it is needful to inform the reader, that theſe *latter* chances are allotted to planets who are held of leſſer magnitude in the *theatrical* hemiſphere, which makes the hardſhip proportionally *greater*, as it is *leſs* advantageous.

Gods! where's the worth that ſets theſe people up!
Addiſon's CATO.

The *depreſſion* of *one* pole is a certain *elevation* of the *other*; and *this* is ſure to *loſe*, by how much *that gains*. Men are often lifted to the *vertex* of good fortune, as a chaſtiſement for their *vices*, that their *fall* may be the greater; for the fickle Goddeſs is not always in a mood to be ſported with. Let us then ſuppoſe her at *Southampton*, ſo much ſcandalized at their ill treatment, as to have diſpatched her eldeſt daughter to *Salisbury*, as a *purveyor*. She is thither purſued, and deals her favours indiſcriminately on all; cloſe-girted with ſelf-conceit, her diſappointed votaries are aſtoniſhed at the change, and attribute their ill ſucceſs to *deſtiny* and *caprice*. But this is not the caſe. Who can remember *Thompſon*, *Poitier*, &c. and not wiſh to have had thoſe pleaſing ſcenes *renewed?* Nor does the objection reſt here alone; for I am informed their *connexions* are diſguſtful, and have proved their moſt powerful enemy: But be it as it will, that circumſtance can never be imputed to them as a *crime*, but ſhould rather be conſidered as a *frown* of Fortune's; which, by an application to *plain-dealing* and *juſtice*, might eaſily be removed.

Their conduct thro' the ſeaſon *here*, has by no means been ſuch as could either engage the Company's *approbation*, or the *countenance* of the public. *Monopoly* has been their practice, and *pride* and *indifference* their companions, for which "*a juſt reward has been offered.*"

A few years ſince, I remember a certain *Weſtern* Manager beſieged their Capital, and put their whole army into a ſtrange conſternation; however, by a well-tim'd, humile application, the enemy was routed, and gain'd no other *Foot*-ing,

or

or advantages, than by opening a ſmall *breach*, which the weakneſs of *their* forces have never yet been able to *repair*. From what has been heretofore ſaid, the queſtion might be aſked, with what probable degree of ſucceſs can theſe people attempt to rally, ſhould the enemy begin a freſh attack?

But before I proceed further, it is meet the reader ſhould be informed, that the word *Monopoly* (in *this* caſe) admits but of *two* applications, namely, thoſe of *parts*, and *advantageous* nights. At the beginning of the ſeaſon, Mr. *Dunn* (who had many years fill'd the capital caſt in either walk with *deſerved* reputation) made a tender of his ſervice; but policy, jealouſy, and avarice entered into an alliance againſt him, and by offering him terms *inadequate* to his merit, obliged him to relinquiſh his intendment, by which means all the *principal* parts were *alternately* engroſſed by the two Managers: The profits of the ſeaſon will beſt teſtify how far this ſcheme was effective:---- For Actors to obtrude themſelves upon an audience, is not only a ſoleciſm in politics, but an *impertinent* attack upon the judgment of the public, and an *ungrateful* return for their lenity and indulgence. This is not written with any rancorous deſign, but rather intended as a pilot to conduct them up the channel of *Criticiſm*, which is at all times found difficult for the moſt experienced artiſt ſafely to ſteer through.

Now I am about to *correct* the *errors* of Management, I cannot avoid mentioning another glaring *abſurdity*; I mean the abuſe of *Authors*, by adding *double* titles to their works, as if they were before imperfect and unfiniſhed. How would

would *Hume*, *Murphy*, *Franklin*, &c. ſtare to ſee their names affixed to The *Noble Shepherd*, The *Man in Love with his own Wife*, The *Rival Brothers*, &c. when conſcious in themſelves they never publiſhed any pieces which bore *thoſe* titles. Indeed *Douglas*, The *Way to Keep Him*, and *Matilda*, they might own; but certainly muſt think it impertinent in any man to *new chriſten* and *nick-name* their children: But cuſtom perhaps ſanctifies abuſes of this kind in a Theatre, and men may be excuſed miſcalling the offspring of *others*, who ſeem to be unacquainted with their *own* names.

Again, that low, puppet-ſhew cuſtom of *additional* epithets, is diſgracing the Drama; but remonſtrance in that reſpect has already proved ineffectual; *much-admired*, *celebrated*, *excellent*, &c. are now too trite to be regarded; I would therefore ſubſtitute, by way of novelty---*notorious*, *praiſe-worthy*, *marvellous fine*, *impulſive*, *ſuperlative-ſatisfactory*, and many others that would doubtleſs have a prodigious weight with the public, and draw them in as it were by *Leger-demain*.

I ſhall now give ſome ſerious *friendly* hints, that will point out the neceſſity of a *general* Regulation.

## At REHEARSAL

I would recommend an obſervance of the following Articles, which all *well-conducted* Theatres make a point of ſtrictly adhering to.------In the firſt place, I am to ſuppoſe there is (not a *nominal* but)

but) a *real* Prompter, whoſe ſole office is to attend to, and regulate the buſineſs of the Stage.

*Imprimis.* He ſhould begin the Rehearſal punctually at *Ten* o'clock, and proceed regularly thro' the piece, reading for ſuch as ſhould be abſent, *without reſpect to perſons.*

II. Any Performer that ſhould be abſent from his *firſt* ſcene, ſhould be liable to a *ſmall* forfeit, which ſhould increaſe in proportion thro' the whole play, for which I would have a heavy fine laid.

III. If any performer ſhould thro' *real** indiſpoſition be rendered incapable of attending a Rehearſal, he ſhould be obliged to ſend notice thereof to the Prompter before the Rehearſal begins, or be deem'd liable to the forfeit that he may have incurred during the courſe of his reading the part.

IV. No perſon ſhould be permitted to *ſtand on the ſtage* at Rehearſal, but ſuch as were immediately concerned in the ſcene then in action, or to talk within hearing, ſo as to diſturb the Performers, on pain of a forfeit.

V. If any perſon ſhall abſent himſelf from a Rehearſal, who might be appointed to *wait* in any piece, I would have for that neglect as great a fine levied, as if they had any thing to ſay---- for non-aſſiſtance in ſcenes of diſtreſs, is *diſtreſſing* indeed!

There

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* I have known on this occaſion an *Apothecary* of admirable utility in aſcertaining the *reality* of a complaint, who has by preſcribing immediate *phlebotomy*, reſtor'd the patient to a ſenſe of *duty*.

There are numbers of other articles neceſſary to form a due regulation; but theſe *few* duly obſerved would make a ſtrange alteration in the preſent *Mode of Management*.

N. B. Of all things I would recommend *good humour* and *civility* at Rehearſal. How extremely diſagreeable it is to have a perſon come to the Theatre with a gloomy, downcaſt look, more ſhocking than a hangman at an execution, crooks his *index* finger, which he applies to his toupée, and growls out the following words: "I am "ſupriz'd as how that people won't mind their "buſineſs. D----n me it ſhall be ſo, and I'll have "it ſo." How much more pleaſant and engaging it would have been to have ſaid, (*rubbing his hands, and ſmiling*) "Gentlemen, we are rather late to-day, but I ſuppoſe your *Watches* differ from our *Regulator*. I could wiſh you to be a little more attentive to time for the future." This, in my opinion, would have ſhewn more breeding, and have been better received; but I ſhall not demand credit for it on my own opinion, but apply to my friend *Farquhar*, who ſays, "There is a charm in *looks* which delivers a pleaſure with commands, and gives *duty* the wings of *inclination*."

## With reſpect to REGULARITY in time of ACTION,

I aver it to be impoſſible, and appeal to the judgment of all the Theatres in the kingdom for the truth of my aſſertion, for any Play or Farce to be conducted with propriety, without every department belonging to the Theatre be duly filled.

filled. The want of only a *Call-boy*,† that ſeeming unimportant appendage, is an inconceivable detriment to the conduct of a Play; and the mind of a performer is always embarraſſed and unſettled, and who is obliged every minute to attend to the ſcene in action; for the ſpirit of a performance is damped by the leaſt perceptible obſtruction, and many a good play has been ſpoiled by an inattention in this particular.---- Another groſs impoſition on an audience, is the neglect of the inferior parts of the Drama; and I have been often ſurprized to find in many *other* Theatres, this circumſtance equally diſregarded. It ſhould be the duty of every *principal* performer to ſee to this, and regulate his every ſcene; for it is in the power of one bad Actor, not only to diſtreſs the *Hero*, but damn the whole piece: For example; I ſaw once at the Tragedy of *Macbeth* (which till then had been very decently performed) a very intereſting ſcene deſtroyed by the introduction of a *low comedy* meſſenger; and when Macbeth demanded of him, "*Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?*" his ſimplicity ſo well correſponded with the interrogatory, that the ſcene, which had before worn a ſerious aſpect, became reverſed, and produced a contrary effect on the muſcles of the audience. Theſe things ſhould ever be avoided, as they reflect a diſgrace on Management, and inſult the auditors.



† A perſon (in all regular Theatres) appointed to call the Performers from the *Green-Room*, when they are to go upon the *Stage*.

The hints which have been already given, I ſincerely wiſh (for the benefit of the audience) may have the effect propoſed, viz. *A thorough Reformation:* But before I cloſe the Theatrical Scene, I ſhall give a ſhort PARAPHRASE, by way of filling my canvas.

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A

# BURLESQUE PARAPHRASE.

AND it came to paſs that *Thomas* and *James* (who were men of enterpriſing ſpirit) forſook their maſter, and became themſelves Rulers.

2 Now *Thomas* was a man well ſkilled in figures, and knew how many *blue beans* made five.

3 *James* was a man of *foreſight*, perverſe in his ways, and of greedy diſpoſition, yet knew not ſo much as *Thomas*.

4 Therefore it behoved *James* to make up in *diligence* what he wanted in *knowledge*; notwithſtanding which, he took much upon him, and ſorely aggrieved his people: inſomuch that murmurs and diſcontents aroſe among them.

5 And they convened each other, and became rebellious.

6 And ſo it happened, that a man of the *Weſt* (who had been himſelf a Ruler) heard of theſe diſcontents, and came to *quiet* them.

7 Now this man was of *portly* mein, well ſkilled in *muſic*, and gained much upon the people; but he did not the thing that was *right*.

8 For

8 For he ſaid unto *James* and *Thomas*, I have beheld theſe men, and like not their ways; for I have been myſelf a Ruler; if ye will oppreſs them much, be ſtrong and of good courage; there ſhall not be a man of them able to ſtand before ye.

9 And they hearkened unto him, and became *oppreſſive*; and the man of the Weſt gloried therein.

10 Now when he ſaw that the Elders and great ones of the City leaned unto him, he waxed more magnanimous, and proud of ſpirit, and ruled even the Rulers themſelves, became a *Law-giver*, was *mighty* among the people, and they feared him much.

11 Now there was among them a man of *ſmall* ſtature, whoſe ſpirit was exceeding *great*; he had alſo ſkill in muſic, and was held in good repute in the city.

12 And he ſaid unto the man of the *Weſt*, Why perſecuteſt thou me?

13 And the man of the *Weſt* anſwered and ſaid unto him, becauſe thou art mine enemy, haſt been thyſelf a Ruler, and croſſeſt me in my ways: moreover, thou rankeſt not with *me*, haſt not the ear of the Rulers, and art but a *common* man.

14 And the man of ſmall ſtature grew pale, and was full of wrath, and ſaid unto him, Wert thou a *Goliah*, I would to the utmoſt of my ſtrength oppoſe thee; and many words enſued.

14 And *James*, who was of perverſe ſpirit, and of ſullen diſpoſition, cleaved ſtrongly unto the man of the *Weſt*, and took part with him; peradventure for that he revealed unto his help-mate ſome *ſecrets* in muſic.

16 And he ſaid unto the man of ſmall ſtature, who was one of his houſhold, As it is now the time of harveſt, I will allot thee one day to *reap* and *bring* in thy crop; and he did ſo.

17 And lo upon that day a baleful planet reigned, and the face of the earth was covered with ſnow, ſo that he could not bring in his harveſt.

18 Therefore he roſe up and ſpake unto the Rulers, the Reapers, and others of the houſhold, ſaying, Are ye content to ſhare the profits of this day, and allot me another?

19 And they demurred, and gave him no anſwer.

20 Then he went forth among the people who had paid tribute, and did the thing that was juſt, and rendered unto Cæſar that which was Cæſar's, and they departed in peace.

21 ¶ Now there was a man of the city, of the tribe of *Iſſachar*, of goodly preſence, who was a dealer in remnants, and took uſance for his money, and this man had command over the Rulers, and they were his ſlaves.

21 And he ſaid unto *James* and *Thomas*, Why do ye oppreſs theſe men without conſulting your maſter? know ye not that ye are my ſervants, and that I have power over ye?

22 And theſe words were uttered in the preſence of many, and reached the ears of *James*'s wife, and ſhe gnaſhed her teeth, and wept bitterly.

23 Now after three days had elapſed, it ſo chanced, that *James* and the man of ſmall ſtature met at a houſe where the free *ſpeakers* of the city aſſembled, and a furious ſtorm of words aroſe between

tween them, inſomuch that the man of ſmall ſtature put forth his hand in wrath againſt *James*, and bruiſed him exceedingly.

23 And on the morrow he appeared at the houſe of Vanity with marks of *diſgrace* upon him, and the people *contemned* him much.

25 And *Thomas* the Ruler ſaid unto him, Wherefore warreſt thou with thy covenanted ſervant, ſeeing that he is not thine equal? I beſeech thee, put him from among us, though our buſineſs be hurted thereby.

26 And *James* took his counſel, and the man of ſmall ſtature was put from among them.

27 ¶ Now it came to paſs that when the harveſt was over, that the Rulers called together the Reapers, and thoſe who tilled the ground, and ſaid unto them, Ye have perceived that ſome baleful planet hath hurted our harveſt, and it behoveth us to look well to ourſelves.

28 And they propoſed unto them a *new* covenant, ſaying, All ye that ſhall journey with us to the land of *Suſſex*, muſt be ſubject to this our law; and the people murmured, but took the covenant.

29 ¶ Now when the day came that the men and their wives, and their little ones, and others of the houſhold were to depart, many of them, who were the children of *poverty*, beſeeched *Thomas* the Ruler for alms to bring them on their way, for *Thomas* was Treaſurer to the houſhold.

30 And he commanded them to attend on the *morrow*.

31 But *Thomas* (as was his cuſtom) departed on the *eve*, and they ſaw no more of him.

32 Therefore they beſought *James* to ſtead them, but he had it not in him, for he did not keep

keep the keys of the Treaſury; which was manifeſted by what happened unto him.

33 For on the ſecond day he departed the city, with his wife, and the helpmate of one of his people; but lo! what befel.

34 He had not journeyed many miles but he came to a houſe which was built for the entertainment of ſojourners; now at this houſe there was a well with two *Buckets*, but *one* of them was not to be found.

35 And they called forth the *Hoſteſs*, and ſaid unto her, Do thou provide a vehicle with *two* horſes, to further us on our journey; and ſhe looked *wiſhfully* upon them, and *demurred*.

36 Then *James* the Ruler drew forth a paper, which he had received from *John* his maſter, and gave it unto her; and when ſhe read the words which were therein written, ſhe called forth a ſervant who had the care of the cattle, and gave him orders concerning them.

37 And *James* ſaid unto her, it is meet that we have ſome *refreſhment*; and ſhe looked again upon the paper, but there was no ſuch word mentioned therein.

38 And ſhe anſwered and ſaid unto him, How canſt thou expect *refreſhment* from me, when thou haſt it not in thee to do the thing that is juſt? nay thou art not able to pay unto the *tax-gatherers* of the nation the *tribute* which the princes and rulers of the land have appointed them to receive. And they departed without *refreſhment*, and arrived at ſun-ſet in the land of *Suſſex*.

39 And they are now tilling the ground, and providing for a freſh crop.

THE

# THE
# POET's WARDROBE.†

*Nil habet paupertas durius in ſe,*
*Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Juv. Sat. III.

The pang of poverty ſprings more
From *ridicule*, than being *poor*;
Itſelf alone is *eaſy* borne,
But *difficult* to put up ſcorn.

*Dear Sir*,

THESE few dull lines I ſend to greet you;
'Ware criticiſm, I entreat you.
Perchance you'd know what friends I meet,
Where paſs my time, how oft I eat?
Hard queſtions theſe to anſwer, truly,
I often eat, tho not quite duly;
With ſome old friend I dine *to-day*,
But where *to-morrow*, cannot ſay.
"No matter where,"—was Richard's cry,
We all muſt live until we die;
*To-morrow* for itſelf takes care,
For each *new morn* is t'other's *heir*;

*Taylors*

† This POEM was found in the pocket of a gentleman *ſhabbily* arrayed, whoſe Pegaſus had thrown him, at the foot of the hill. He was obſerved in a languiſhing ſtate by ſeveral Poets of *eminence*, *en paſſant*, yet expired there for want of proper aſſiſtance. From the copy of a letter addreſſed to a *great* man, who had formerly been a fellow collegian with him, and who he reproaches with regarding him as "an Old Folio *ill* bound," it appears he was a perſon of family, who had *reduced* himſelf by a too depraved appetite for the *offals* of the Stage. The letter was ſigned

H. R. Mc——L——N.

*Taylors* you know are clam'rous things,
And muſt be paid, as well as *kings*;
Therefore, to avoid a *Dun*,
And doublet made of ſtone to ſhun,
My WARDROBE on my back I carry,
Yet cannot boaſt a *ſtrong* back, marry;
I've nought in cloſet, preſs, or cheſt,
Hence 'twill appear I wear my *beſt*;
Peruſe the following, and you'll ſee
How fortune has befriended me;
I'll e'en begin at th' upper end,
And ſo by juſt degrees deſcend;
And that is eaſier far you know,
Than upward to attempt to go;
For 'tis a beaten, well-known road,
By hapleſs numbers often trod;
Who hit, like carrier's horſe, the way,
As well i'th' darkeſt night, as day.
Kind inſtinct guides the brute creation,
(That lanthorn of their preſervation)
The index pointing to each creature
The ſalutary paths of nature;
But MAN—"The beaſt of reaſon,"—will
Purſue his own all-knowing ſkill,
And by that *ignis fatuus* dire,
Oft's led, and left in quags of mire,
Where ſtruggling to get free in vain,
His labour but rewards his pain.
Firſt—pardon aſk'd for this digreſſion—
I'll e'en proceed to full confeſſion,
And openly at once reveal
My furniture, from *head* to *heel*;
E'en from *Sutura Coronalis*,
Down to the *Pedis Tranſverſalis*,
And ſtick as near to truth by th' way,
As modeſty allows to ſay.
To ſhade *one* head, *one* HAT will do,
'Twere needleſs therefore to have *two*.
A hat I have, but wond'rous ſhabby,
Corners fring'd out, and ſides grown ſcabby;

Stays,

Stays, loop, and button are no more,
The lining all to pieces tore,
With cracks *behind*, and eke *before*.
My WIG, that might with moſt compare,
Now ſcarcely boaſts one *crooked hair*;
So mean, you'd not accept it *gratis*;
Not well-made *Chandler*'s ware more ſtraight is;
Such, friend, the covering of my pate is.
Without abuſe, or uſing tongue ill,
'Tis fit (in ſhort) for nought but *dunghill*,
Or to be hung in field of grain,
To fright away the *pilfering* train:
A bad beginning, you'll confeſs,
But further hear, you'll wonder leſs.
My *only* COAT, (once Saxon blue)
Cameleon-like, has chang'd its hue;
And (wanting taylor to repair rent)
Is grown at arm-pits quite *tranſparent*:
Malicious time's deſtructive fell blows
Have likewiſe threſh'd it out at elbows.
'Tis ſaid *true-blue* will never ſtain tho,
Yet mine's the colour of the Rainbow;
And envious blaſts of wind and rain
Have prov'd that e'en *true-blue* will ſtain.
My WAISTCOAT, which was once a Scarlet,
Bright as the paint on face of harlot,
(As if it ſicken'd with vexation
At luckleſs time's ſtrange alteration)
Now's pale as patient during vomit,
And ev'ry bit of nap gone from it.
My BREECHES too, whilom as black
As is the down on raven's back,
Have loſt their former bright emblazure,
And vary'd are to—*gloomy azure*;
At knees are grown too quite thread-bare,
And ſadly worn indeed elſewhere;
Nay, ev'ry part needs ſome repair.
Each STOCKING black as Negro once was,
Or e'en the wool that on his ſconce grows;
Whoſe inky hue, ſo near ally'd to,
Saves waſhing oft—dirt beſt can hide too;

Yet their complexion too felt change has,
And ſcabby looks—like cur that mange has;
They've never yet the laundry's rub born,
In pique whereat, the feet grow ſtubborn:
And tho' I coax them to good humour,
Round either heel they form a tumour,
And threaten ne'er to dwell in ſhoe more.
Invet'rate, vile, ungen'rous hoſe,
Thus to forſake my friendly toes,
And their diſtreſs regard no more
Than unfee'd beadle carted whore!
Tho' fortune frowns, I'll not deſpair;
She varies oft—may look more *fair:*
In ſpite of her, *they* keep the field,
Who buckle on firm Virtue's ſhield.
Once more I cry your mercy, friend;
Digreſſion ſhall no more offend.
*Two* SHOES I have, tho' not a *pair*,
Of diff'rent tenets you may ſwear,
For one toe's *round*, the other *ſquare.*
Their hinder parts confirm 'tis ſo,
For one heel's *high*, the other *low*;
A mixture *one* of wood and leather,
That dwell familiarly together;
The *other* made of *hide* alone,
Yet ſcorns to truck to th' *wooden* one;
For tho' it ſprung from loftieſt tree,
Can boaſt as good a pedigree.
Thus daily they fall out, and jar,
And, Indian like, wage conſtant war;
They're emblematic *Whig* and *Tory*;
And thus friend I conclude my ſtory.
But now I muſter recollection,
To finiſh thus were imperfection;
My firſt intent would never anſwer,
For I've omitted the main chance here;
An ampler field to work upon,
Than any geer we doff or don;
I'd e'en forgot what wraps my ſkin in,
And never once remember'd *Linen*;

Sure

Sure to forget one's *neareſt* friend,
To black ingratitude doth tend;
And that's a crime more heinous far
Than numbers ſentenc'd at the bar;
For he that is poſſeſt of it,
Would doubtleſs all the reſt commit.
My SHIRTS, and their adherent STOCKS,
Are fit for nought but tinder-box,
Or Moll to carry to the mill,
Where learning may ſhrewd volumes fill;
From whence a *Folio* may ariſe,
(If ſtuff enough to form that ſize)
Revealing occult myſteries.
My INVENTORY now is finiſh'd;
I've neither added nor diminiſh'd,
Study'd to heighten or debaſe,
But told in ſimple truth my caſe;
From whence it plainly doth appear,
That things will grow the *worſe* for wear,
And undergo ſtrange alteration,
E'en ſome to *tranſubſtantiation.*
A moral meaning we may ſtate here,
The emblems of decaying nature;
For you and I, Sir, by degrees,
Muſt wither and decay like theſe;
Not houſes, lands, e'en Cræſus ſtore,
When death pays viſit at the door,
Can life prolong one ſingle hour.

# SPONTANEOUS FRAGMENTS,

Pick'd up at the

## FOOT of PARNASSUS.

## S O N G,

*Written for the* ALBION SOCIETY.

Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*

WHEN *Albions* firſt created were,
Order, good fellowſhip, and mirth,
Admittance crav'd—each took the chair,
And thence receiv'd a ſecond birth.

CHOR. *Hence ſhall* Albions *boaſt their fame,*
*And future times revere their name.*

Here unanimity abounds,
And ev'ry ſocial virtue dwells;
Here *Albion*'s honeſt cauſe reſounds,
Our *purpoſes*, our *title* tells.
*Hence ſhall* Albions, &c.

No *diſaffection* here is ſeen,
Nor *party feuds* to mar our glee;
Our favourite toaſts are—*King* and *Queen*,
And every *honeſt* Miniſtry.
*Hence ſhall* Albions, &c.

Like *us*, were *they* in *Friendſhip* join'd,
Contention ne'er would vex the ſtate;
But happineſs, and peace of mind,
Are ever *ſtrangers* to the great.
*Hence ſhall* Albions, &c.

By

By us remember'd ever be
The *Patriot* who ſuch worth has ſhewn;
Who, to preſerve our liberty,
Has bravely dar'd to loſe his *own*.
*Hence ſhall* Albions, &c.

While *Albion* riſes o'er the main,
In *Freedom*'s Cauſe her ſons ſhall arm,
Their native birth-right to maintain,
And every corner catch th' alarm.
*Hence ſhall* Albions, &c.

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## S O N G,

*Written for the* ANTIGALLICAN SOCIETY, *called* Pulvis Antigallicus, *or* Gunpowder.

Tune—*Chiling o Guiry.*

ATTEND to the ſtory
I now lay before ye,
'Tis whimſical, faith, and it's true too;
And what is yet more,
It was ne'er told before;
You may therefore conclude that it's new too.
Let *Ward*, *James*, and *Hill*,
Boaſt of powder and pill,
I've a *Noſtrum* that's truly cephalic,
Which taken with lead,
Cures a pain in the head;
It is therefore call'd—*Pulv. Antigallic.*

When *Gallaſſionier*
Off *Mahon* did appear,
What a blunder was made thro' neglect on't!
Had *B——g* given his foes
Of this powder a doſe,
He had preſently found the effect on't;
But he with French gold,
As the ſtory is told,
Had been touch'd—ſo withheld the Cephalic;
For which, to his head
Was adminiſter'd *Lead*,
By virtue of—*Pulv. Antigallic.*

In

In the year *Forty-five*,
Britain's arms ſeem'd to thrive;
And that year was accounted prophetic;
'Twas then *Cumberland*'s Duke
Gave the *Rebels* a puke,
For this powder acts as an *Emetic*;
*Hawke*, *Warren*, and *Howe*,
Did its virtues well know,
And *Granby* oft us'd this Cephalic,
But S—kv—lle thro' fear,
Tho' the *French* were ſo near,
Made no uſe of *his*—*Pulv. Antigallic.*

Tho' ſome men have thriv'd from't,
And *honours* deriv'd from't,
Yet others have dy'd in *abuſe* on't,
Like the phyſical tribe,
We with *care* ſhould preſcribe,
For its virtue conſiſts in the *uſe* on't;
When apply'd to our friends,
To attain private ends,
It then loſes its virtue cephalic;
Then let us beware
Whom we truſt with the care
Of our glorious—*Pulv. Antigallic.*

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## S O N G,

*Written for the* SUN SOCIETY, *called*, The only Society under the Sun.

YE lovers of harmony, mirth, and good wine,
Who fear not the *Sun* on your actions to ſhine,
Leave the *beer-tippling* crew to their *porter* and *pun*,
We're the only Society—*under the Sun.*

All the bleſſings which other communities boaſt,
Are united with us; and a worthier toaſt
Can't be nam'd—when the bumper its courſe has begun,
Than the only Society—*under the Sun.* No

No myſteries dark to alarm we profeſs,
For *ſecrets* would make our felicity leſs;
Our deeds are all open; for whate'er is done,
We *publicly do*, by the light of the—*Sun.*

Jolly *Bacchus* preſides at the head of our feaſt,
And *Momus* would fain be admitted a gueſt;
But the ſons of *Apollo* ſuch cavillers ſhun,
As the bane of all harmony—*under the Sun.*

The man we admit, muſt be jovial and free,
Take his *Glaſs* in his hand, and his *Laſs* on his knee;
But here what may further require to be done,
We ſeldom e'er do, by the light of—*the Sun.*

If e'er it may chance that a member ſhould ſtray,
(For ſometimes the *beſt* may go out of their way)
And theſe marks are upon him—a hundred to one
You may venture to ſay, he's a—*Child of the Sun.*

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## CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

*Set to Muſic by Mr.* GOSS, *of* SALISBURY.

WHEN *Love* has once the heart poſſeſs'd,
*Reaſon*, alarm'd, reſigns her throne;
Each ſordid paſſion quits the breaſt,
And leaves to him the rule alone:
The Rebel Tyrant, proud of ſway,
O'er Judgment tramples unconfin'd,
While boundleſs *Folly* marks his way,
And ſhews the little God is—blind.

The Miſer, who, like Tantalus,
Amidſt ſurrounding plenty pines,
Touch'd with this *Love*, extends his purſe,
And to the *God* his all reſigns.

Impell'd

Impell'd by him, the artleſs Maid
  Forſakes her home, in hopes to find
Superior joys—at length betray'd,
  Too late perceives that—*Love is Blind.*

The rigid Teacher, who, for pelf,
  Labours to ſhew mankind the way,
Sometimes miſtakes the road himſelf,
  And by the Urchin's led aſtray.
So fickle is the ſtate of man,
  And ſuch the fate of human kind,
That, when we've reaſon'd all we can,
  We muſt confeſs that—*Love is blind.*

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## EPIGRAM,

*On a Converſation between Meſſrs.* B-----RY *and* F---TE, *when the former was engaged to perform* Tragedies, *at the Theatre-Royal in the* Hay-market, *during the Summer Seaſon.*

AS *B——y* and *F——e* (in an earneſt diſpute)
  Were contending what beſt with the ſeaſon would ſuit,
The former (with reaſon) expreſs'd a ſurprize
That the houſe was ſo *thin* when he play'd *Tragedies*;
Quoth the Mimic to *B——y* (by way of reply)
"My audience come hither to *laugh*, not to *cry*;
"When next you engage, to inſure what you do,
With your *Actors* you'd beſt bring an *Audience* too.

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## EPIGRAM,

*On a certain* MANAGER, *who frequented a Club at* W--ch----r, *and told the Performers that no* Actors *could be admitted.*

B——LY's admiſſion to a place
  Where *Actors* are forbid to come,
Is ſure a palpable *diſgrace*,
  And but intended as a *hum*.

He

He all as compliment receives ;
When to the vacant ſeat they mount him,
Grins approbation, nor perceives
'Tis plain no *Actor* they account him.

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## EPIGRAM,

*On a Converſation which happened at the Theatre in* Saliſbury, *during the Time of Performance to a* thin *Houſe.*

QUOTH *Gill* to *Jack* the other night,
As ſitting at the Play,
How can the Actors take delight
So long 'tween th' acts to ſtay ?

Quoth *Jack* to *Gill*, the reaſon's clear,
To night why they behave thus ;
Finding it hard to get us *here*,
They *keep* us, now they *have* us.

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## THE BEST WAY TO WARM A PLAYHOUSE;

*Addreſſed to thoſe who complained of the Coldneſs of the* Saliſbury Theatre.

THE Actors of *Sarum* have made a great pother,
Abus'd all the Town, and abus'd—one another;
'Cauſe weather's inclemency hinder'd their Houſes,
And robb'd 'em of food,—for themſelves and their ſpouſes,
A *fire* have provided, the Theatre to *warm*,
Allure the good folks, and ſecure 'em from harm;
A *wholeſomer* method the Audience might find 'em,
Than thus to be warm'd with a fire *behind 'em*;
In ſhoals thither flock, for experience has told,
That a *well crouded* Playhouſe can never be *cold*.

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## EPITAPH *on a* Talkative Woman.

HERE *B——y* lies, who ever had her will,
And to the laſt defy'd the tyrant *Death*;
Her tongue (ſo flippant once) is mute and ſtill ;
Poor ſoul, ſh' as talk'd herſelf quite *out of breath.*

## An Anti-Methodistical Catechism

*Addreſſed to* G. P-----L, *of* C--CH---ER.

*Queſt.* WHAT do you underſtand by the word M----D--T?

*Anſ.* A thorough-pac'd Hypocrite.

*Queſt.* Who was the firſt M----d--t?

*Anſ.* George Cole, of *High Wycombe.*

*Queſt.* What was he?

*Anſ.* A journeyman Weaver.

*Queſt.* What induced him to turn M---d--t?

*Anſ.* The cloak of *Religion*, to cover his *nakedneſs* and *hypocriſy*.

*Queſt.* What are the requiſites neceſſary to form a M----d--t Preacher?

*Anſ.* A full-ton'd voice, a large eye, a vaſt fund of aſſurance, and an equal portion of ignorance.

*Queſt.* What are the beſt and ſureſt means to gain *proſelytes?*

*Anſ.* A total abolition of Ethics, thundering d------n on all thoſe who do not conſtantly attend the T--r--e, and contribute their mite, and raiſing up a ſhrubbery of *young* plants for *future* ſervice.

*Queſt.* What do theſe fanaticks account the greateſt ſin that can be committed?

*Anſ.* Simony.

*Queſt.* What, in their language, is meant by the word *Simony?*

*Anſ.* "*Simony* is a *new*-invented Canon, de-
" viſed by theſe upſtarts, who make it ſinful *not*
" to betray the confidence, and piouſly plunder
" the little property of an indigent man and his
" family."†

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† For this laſt we are indebted to Mr. F——TE's Devil upon Two Sticks.

*F I N I S.*